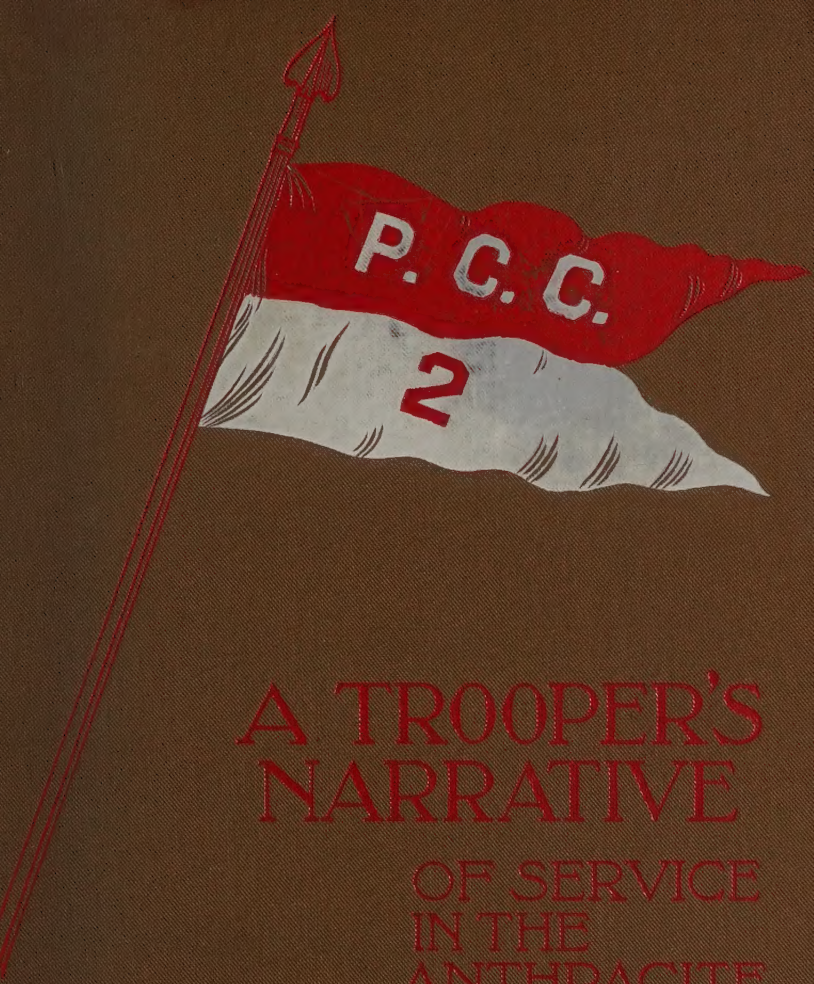
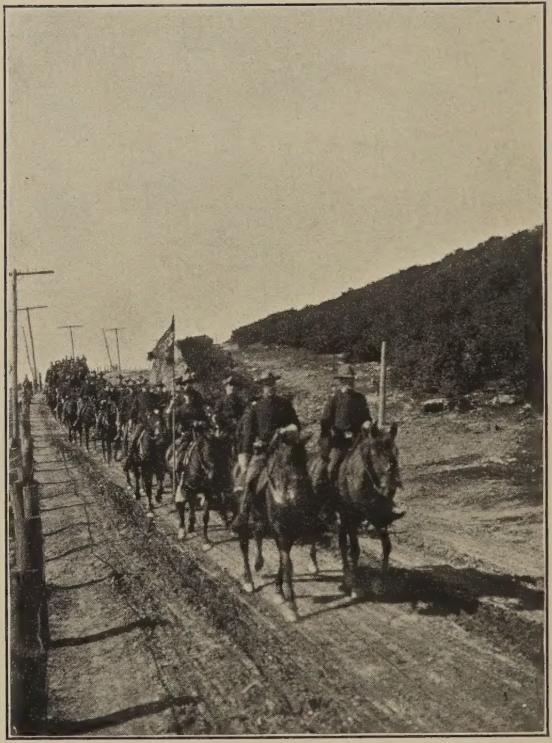


A TROOPER'S NARRATIVE

OF SERVICE IN THE ANTHRACITE COAL STRIKE OF 1902

STEWART CULIN



SECOND TROOP, PHILADELPHIA CITY CAVALRY, AT SHENANDOAH

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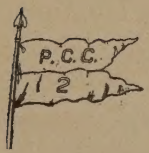
A Trooper's Narrative

of SERVICE *in the* ANTHRACITE COAL STRIKE, 1902

By

STEWART CULIN,

PRIVATE SECOND TROOP PHILADELPHIA CITY CAVALRY, N. G. P.



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INTRODUCTION

THE Philadelphia City Cavalry was formerly known as "Light Horse," and as early as 1780 there were two troops in Philadelphia. Of these the oldest was afterwards designated the "First Troop Philadelphia City Cavalry," and the other, which had been recruited from Philadelphia County as well as from the City, became the "Second Troop Philadelphia City Cavalry." On June 17th, 1780, the Second Troop of the Philadelphia Light Horse was in the service of the United States, and was commanded by Captain Owen Faries; First Lieutenant, John Dover, Second Lieutenant, David Snyder; Cornet, Casper Dull.

In 1789, April 20th, the First and Second Troops formed the escort to General Washington, President of the United States. In 1793 the Second Troop was commanded by

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Captain Abraham Singer, and the By-Laws and Regulations then adopted by the Troop, together with the original troop guidon and an illustration of the uniform afterwards worn, are now deposited in the rooms of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania. Captain Singer died January 3rd, 1815, and his papers and sword are now in the possession of one of his descendants, a member of the Troop. On September 17th, 1794, the Troop assembled in Market street, near Twelfth street, and marched to Carlisle, Pennsylvania, on the breaking out of the Whiskey Insurrection, and on October 3rd following was detailed as the personal escort to President Washington on the occasion of his official visit to the army encamped near Carlisle. The Troop returned to Philadelphia December 10th, and was reviewed by the President from the steps of his residence.

The Second Troop served twenty days in the Fries Rebellion in 1798, and was the escort to Washington, Adams and Wayne on

several occasions at this time, and was also on riot duty in Philadelphia in the same year. The Troop paraded with the Washington funeral pageant December 26th, 1799.

In 1809, the Second Troop joined in an application to the Legislature to authorize the forming of a Regiment of Cavalry for the City and County of Philadelphia, there being then six troops of cavalry here. On June 14th, 1810, the necessary permission having been granted, a regiment was formed, and Robert Wharton, who had commanded both the First and the Second Troop, was chosen Colonel. Thomas Cadwalader now became Captain of the Second Troop, which, with the other troops, performed, at various times, escort duty to Captain John Paul Jones, Commodore Stephen Decatur, Captain Bainbridge and others.

In the War of 1812, the Second Troop of Philadelphia City Cavalry was commanded by Captain William Rawle, Jr., and, according to the muster roll of 2d October, 1814, at Camp Dupont, John Morin Scott

was First Lieutenant, William Schlatter, Second Lieutenant, and John Hall, Cornet.

The Second Troop formed a part of the escort to General La Fayette, September 26th, 1824, being of the squadron, commanded by Captain Smith, which escorted him to Philadelphia.

In 1833 the Troop was of the escort to President Jackson, in 1839 to President Van Buren, and in 1841 it paraded with the First Troop in memory of the late President Harrison. It was the escort to President Tyler in 1843.

The Second Troop was on duty in Philadelphia during the Native American and other riots, and some of its members served independently in the war with Mexico.

The organization was continued until just prior to the Rebellion when its members entered other organizations and became scattered. An attempt was made to reorganize the Troop in 1882, by a representative of one of its early officers, but it was not until September, 1896, that the Troop was actually

reorganized, among its members at that time being a number of descendants of the old troopers. The first drill, mounted, of the new organization was held under Captain (now Major) Frank A. Edwards, 1st Cavalry, United States Army, on November 26th, 1897.

The Troop was mustered into the National Guard of Pennsylvania on June 4th, 1898, during the war with Spain. On July 26th, 1898, Richard Tilghman, Cornet First Troop Philadelphia City Cavalry, was elected Captain of the Second Troop.

THOMAS ALLEN GLENN,

(*Honorary Member Second Troop Philadelphia City Cavalry.*)

ILLUSTRATIONS.

SECOND TROOP, PHILADELPHIA CITY CAVALRY AT SHENANDOAH . . . .Frontispiece
THE TROOP'S CAMP IN THE VALLEY OF WYOMING . . . . . Facing Page 72
AFTER A DAMP NIGHT . . . . . .Facing Page 82

HEADQUARTERS NATIONAL GUARD OF PENNA.

ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE,

HARRISBURG, August 18, 1902.

GENERAL ORDERS,

No. 33.

I. The Sheriff of Carbon county having advised the Governor of his inability to preserve order and to protect life and property, and the Governor being satisfied upon investigation that tumult, riot and mob violence does exist, the Major General commanding the Division, National Guard of Pennsylvania, will make such disposition of the troops now on duty in Schuylkill county, or will place such additional troops on duty, as in his judgment is necessary to properly assist the Sheriff of Carbon county in restoring and maintaining peace and order.

II. The Major General commanding the Division will report his action fully to these Headquarters.

By order of WILLIAM A. STONE,
Governor and Commander-in-Chief.

THOMAS J. STEWART,
Adjutant General.

HEADQUARTERS OF THE DIVISION,
NATIONAL GUARD OF PENNSYLVANIA,

FRANKLIN, August 27, 1902.

GENERAL ORDERS,

No. 9.

I. The Second Troop, P. C. C., First Brigade, N. G. P., Captain *Schermerhorn* commanding, will proceed mounted immediately to Shenandoah, Pa., and upon arrival there will report to Brigadier General *J. P. S. Gobin* for duty.

II. The necessary transportation will be furnished by the Quartermaster's Department.

By command of MAJOR GENERAL MILLER,

W. J. ELLIOTT,

Assistant Adjutant General.

ARMORY SECOND TROOP
PHILADELPHIA CITY CAVALRY, N. G. P.,
TWENTY-THIRD AND CHESTNUT STS.

PHILADELPHIA, August 27th, 1902.

ORDER
No. 8.

In compliance with G. O. No. 9, c. s., Headquarters The Division, the Troop will immediately assemble in the Armory, mounted, in heavy marching order, to proceed *via* Philadelphia and Reading Railway to Shenandoah, Pennsylvania.

FRANK E. SCHERMERHORN,
Captain.

A Trooper's Narrative

OF SERVICE IN THE ANTHRACITE COAL STRIKE, 1902

THE smoker was filled with a wrangling, noisy crowd. Night was coming on. We had entered the coal regions at last. "The next stop is Shenandoah." Our little squad put on their belts and gathered up their carbines. The sergeant gave his commands with a sharp, changed voice. The boisterous good nature of the journey was over. With spirits tense, eager and excited, we alighted on the platform at the station.

There was a crowd awaiting us; privates and non-commissioned officers of the provost guard, and a throng of young girls in summer dresses, who welcomed the new arrivals with amazing boldness and familiarity.

We stood in line while our baggage was unloaded, surprised by the all pervading

holiday air. Then a squad of troopers with led horses rode up, a wagon for our bags followed, and we were climbing the hill, past the huge breaker, to our camp at Columbia Park.

All the way up the steep ascent the roadside was lined with soldiers from the regiments and young girls in white, their lovemakings and embracings half concealed by the growing darkness. We received a warm welcome at the camp. The main body of the Troop had arrived at dawn and occupied the tents vacated by the Governor's Troop during the night. We took our accustomed numbers, each with the same "bunkie" as at Gettysburg, and were soon asleep, not to awaken until the next morning at reveillé. It was then that we saw that our tents had been pitched upon the flat top of a hill, some two hundred feet above the valley of Shenandoah. On the East, within easy calling distance, lay the 8th regiment and two companies of the 4th. The 12th regiment was camped in a fenced enclosure,

once used as a fair ground, on the hillside below. The plane surface of our hill embraced about forty acres, covered, except for the camp sites, with stunted laurel bushes, and rough boulders of gray surface rock, Directly to the north were huge piles of culm, over which rose the tops of the coal breakers and the spires and roofs of the town of Shenandoah. Southward the slope was gradual, with everywhere the same expanse of tangled laurels, stretching unbroken to the hillside beyond, with the Buck Mountain breaker east of Mahanoy City, silhouetted on the horizon. Camp duties and camp life proceeded at once with the same regularity and much the same routine as at the State encampment at Gettysburg. Even the same negro cooks had been engaged, and Shorter welcomed us at mess with his merry cry of, "Waitin' on youh! Steady youhselves! Steady!"

When we lined up there were but six absentees, four of whom were members of the rifle team who had not returned from Sea

Girt. Only my mare "Wink" has been replaced by "Cadet Girl," an old standby of the troop. Gentle and affectionate, her gait had the motion of a rocking horse. Her only fault was a nervousness which made it impossible for her to remain at rest for a moment, and a little weakness in her forelegs which demanded a tight rein and unceasing care from her rider. We drilled in the mornings on the race course surrounding the camp. First in an orderly trot in column of fours, or platoon front, followed by a brisk canter, and concluding with a charge with drawn sabres in which the men raced and shouted somewhat to the discomfiture of myself, and other more timid riders. Often we practiced speedy dismounting of a squad or platoon "to fight on foot," deploying quickly as skirmishers into the brush. In the afternoon at five-thirty there was dress parade in the main street of Shenandoah. Upon these occasions, I caught the first glimpse of the town and its inhabitants. Promptly at five o'clock the Troop lined up

on the smooth expanse of the race track facing the camp. The Captain accompanied by the buglers rode out, the bugle blew "Attention!" "Prepare to mount!" "Mount!" and the column slowly defiled, past the camp of the 8th, down the hill to the great breaker where a train of cars, with engines fired, lay ever ready to carry troops to some scene of disorder.

Still at a walk we entered the outskirts of the town, a long street lined with frame houses, in front of which were little groups of men with clean hands and faces, neatly dressed in black. These were the striking miners, Poles and Lithuanians. They were quiet and undemonstrative, but they watched us covertly, with an expression that seemed to but half conceal a sneer. With them were women, barefooted, in calico dresses, some with babes at their breasts, half grown girls and swarms of young children that played about with absolute freedom and unconcern.

Then at the sound of the bugle we formed

platoons at a trot and rode briskly up the hill. On this street, the most turbulent and dangerous in Shenandoah, where the riots begin, nearly every other house is occupied as a saloon. Their signs all bear foreign names, Russian, Polish, Lithuanian and German.

The General's headquarters were at the Ferguson House, at the corner of Main and Centre streets. Here, as far as the eye could reach, the sidewalks, windows and balconies were filled with an animated crowd. Young girls in bright-colored dresses were in the majority. A few men, listless and apathetic, lounged on the corners, while children, escaping the vigilance of the sentry, strayed into the street reserved for the troops. We took our places on the left of the line, and waited for the arrival of the regiments. All the while, as we sat at attention we were targets for a battery of eyes. The smiling girls, coquettishly standing with their arms about each other's waists, casting their glances from the officers to the line

with indiscriminating favor. Beguiled by the prospect, time passed quickly. We heard the sharp commands as the companies took their places, their arms rattling on the pavement. The band marched past, our officers reported, we had presented arms, and were riding in fours at the end of the column. We caught a glimpse of the General and his staff as we returned in platoon front. Then the bugles ceased, we had formed fours, and were trotting around the square to return behind the regiment to our quarters.

For those who had no special duties, the day's work was over, and, until taps at ten o'clock, the hours were devoted to recreation. It was then the individual tastes and peculiarities of the men asserted themselves. Two of the troopers, sturdy of frame, and resolute of demeanor would retire to their tent to sleep, not to emerge until the bugle called "Assembly." Others would beguile the time at a game of poker or craps for small stakes. The commonest of all amusements was a "porch party." For this the only requisite

was a bottle of whiskey, which poured in a large tin cup, was passed from lip to lip, the potations being alternated by choruses from popular songs. The most effective singing, however, was at the fire in front of the mess tent. At times the entire Troop would assemble around the blazing logs, and led by several capital voices, would roll out "Nancy Brown" or the "Song of Cities" to the accompaniment of a mandolin. At such times "Striker" the troop mascot was much in evidence. Striker was a brown pup of uncertain ancestry, bought for a dime from one of the little Lithuanian children. She grew rapidly under a generous diet, and escaping all the dangers of the camp, was finally brought home by the Troop, by whom she is still cherished.

Sunday was a day of comparative rest and quiet. The barber from the Ferguson House set up a chair in a vacant tent. Everyone was to be seen washing, scrubbing, oiling and polishing. There was an inspection of quarters at ten o'clock, when the men

stood at attention in front of their tents and the Captain, with one of the lieutenants, made a careful scrutiny of all the camp equipage. Afterwards privates were free to attend church in town, either alone with passes, or without passes in company with a non-commissioned officer. I went over one morning to an open air service in the camp of the Eighth. The regimental band was playing a hymn in the open space before the officers' tents, while a little congregation sang in a reverent way from a printed sheet of hymns. Then the chaplain, a stout, elderly man, with a plain, hard, honest face, delivered a short extemporaneous prayer. Another hymn, and he preached a sermon on a text from the prophecies of Isaiah. It was a serious, old-fashioned, scholarly discourse that turned my thoughts back to the services, somnolent and restful, of a village church of my early youth.

On our second day in camp we were taken out for a ride through the adjacent towns and villages. All along the valley great

piles of culm surmounted by huge breakers, marked the sites of the collieries. The machinery for the most part was silent; only a little steam came from the mine pumps. The huge steel cars were standing empty, and the works deserted save for an occasional Coal and Iron policeman, who stood, armed with a Winchester, solitary and undemonstrative. We frequently galloped through the village streets, the dogs barking and the women and children hurrying with curiosity to doors and windows as we passed. The red-painted wooden houses seemed comfortable enough, and everywhere the people looked clean, with clean white shirts and dresses that contrasted strangely with the pall of blackness that enveloped the country. On this and subsequent rides our ultimate goal was the town of Mahanoy. Larger, better built and more populous than Shenandoah, Mahanoy City, as it is called, is even less law-abiding and more turbulent. As our horses clattered over the brick-paved streets, the men on the sidewalk eyed us in no

friendly way. We caught a glimpse of the mosque-like spire of the Greek church, of well-kept residences and prosperous stores, and rode past the railway station to the hill beyond, whence making a detour, we returned to Shenandoah.

Sometimes on these rides we would cross the hill or mountain lying north of the town, and descend into the beautiful Catawissa valley. The peaceful landscape was pleasant to gaze upon. Instead of barren hills, broken by culm piles and gaunt breakers, with inky streams winding below, well-kept fields stretched as far as the eye could reach, with large barns and cozy farm houses, and orchards laden with fruit. Our sudden appearance here excited little or no interest. The sturdy Pennsylvania Germans neither gazed up from the plough, nor did their children turn from their play. Our only recognition was from some rosy, buxom, girl who would cast a wistful backward glance as the Troop galloped away. The ride homeward led through a wood, a natural

park, where scrub oaks overshadowed huckleberry bushes laden with ripe fruit, and we rode with free rein, careless, in full enjoyment of the passing hour. Once we returned with our faces blackened with coal dust, my mare sadly cut and bruised. We had dashed at a gallop through dust, black and brown, and in the all-concealing cloud, she had fallen, head down, only to rise again to take her place in the flying line.

The internal economy of the camp was directed chiefly by four non-commissioned officers: the First Sergeant, rotund yet severe, who was responsible for the men; the Stable Sergeant, good natured and tireless, who lived with the horses; the Quartermaster Sergeant, sedate and methodical, who had charge of the equipment; and the Commissary Sergeant, reckless and dashing, who was entrusted with the camp kitchen, and incidentally, with the digestions of the men of the Troop. Four other sergeants and eight corporals assisted the five commissioned officers in the direction of the thirty-three re-

maining privates. Sixteen of the latter were required every day for the camp details, six on stables, and five each on guard and camp police. The police, whose duties began at fatigue call at eight o'clock, removed waste paper and brushed the streets, purified the sinks and were responsible under their corporal and the Troop Surgeon for the appearance of the camp. Their work was not infrequently lightened by compulsory assistance from minor offenders against the strict discipline of the camp. "Back to the lamps!" was the cry that greeted the latecomer at roll call or assembly.

Of all the details, that of the stable was the most arduous. The stable guard fed and watered the fifty odd horses, cleaned the stables and in three reliefs of two and a half hours each kept watch during the night, from ten o'clock until five-thirty in the morning. The men gradually gave more and more attention, each to his own horse, and the work was diminished, and some of the horses, like "Hornet" and old "Duch-

ess," would slip their halter and go off themselves to water, without troubling anyone.

On our arrival the guard, one at each end of the camp, was kept on duty for the entire twenty-four hours. As time proceeded and our duties increased, the day guard was withdrawn, and the sentries remained on only from ten to five-thirty. At first the nights were balmy and it was no hardship to make the rounds slowly, watching the horizon from the lofty hill top, the stars shining brightly above. In the earlier hours one could challenge the orderly riding late from headquarters, and learn the last gossip and rumors of the town. Little groups of privates, returning late to their regiment, would pass undisturbed on the road. As other sounds were stilled, one could hear the slow click of the near-by mine pumps, and the low roar of distant trains, moving coal under the protection of the darkness. In the southeast, a faint flush along the horizon marked the site of Mahanoy City. To the north, on the opposite hillside were numer-

ous moving lights, long the object of speculation in the camp. The city of Shenandoah, brightly illuminated by electricity, lay in the valley below, with the twin spires of the Lithuanian church rising amid tall clouds of steam above the level of our hill top.

Both light and noises faded as the hours wore on. Even the horses were tranquil at last. Then from the near-by camp came the sentry's cry: "Number one, three o'clock." As each sentinel in turn took up the chant, adding "All's well," the corporal of the guard bearing a lantern would come with the relief, and one would turn in to dreamless slumber. Of all the camp calls, the most welcome was that of reveillé. The men emerged from their tents, carbine in hand, each dressed according to his comfort or fancy. Blinking their eyes in the unaccustomed light and shivering in the chill air, they lined up to answer their names as the First Sergeant called the roll. At the command "Dismissed!" they rushed to the stable-fly to groom their horses before mess. An hour

later the bugle was answered with alacrity. The men sprang in line with iron fork, knife and spoon clinking in their quart tin cups, to march to the mess tent where two negro cooks served generous portions of the savory, wholesome fare.

At this time the children appeared, boys of ten and twelve and girls of more tender years, the boys to do odd jobs about the camp, and the girls to collect cold victuals to carry back to their homes in the town. They were the offspring of the striking miners, Poles and Lithuanians. The boys were mostly Poles while the girls were divided between the two nationalities. The former were most thoroughly Americanized, and, although they could speak their mother tongue, with us they seemed much ashamed of it. Their games were all American, and, in general, they gave little or no indication of their actual parentage. Their English, indeed, like that of the miners generally, had a pleasant brogue, and was interspersed with

quaint words and expressions borrowed from the English miners.

The majority had little or no schooling, and worked in the mines where they drove mules and picked coal for wages ranging from $4.80 to $5 per week. The employment of such child labor is forbidden under the law and children are obliged to attend school until they are sixteen, but this requirement is frequently evaded. As things stand, the good manners, honesty, and natural intelligence of these children offer compensation for their lack of education.

Our original favorite was a Polish lad named Josek Zemba. He told us that he was twelve years old, that he worked in the mines, and that his father, who had lost one of his eyes in an accident, was an habitual drunkard. His naive, innocent ways won the affection of not a few of the men in the troop, who, unknown to each other, formed plans to carry him off to the city and give him an education. In the end he proved a sad rascal, and his interesting story a tissue

of falsehood. The presence of the troops inspired a military spirit among the boys. They played soldier, and finally improvised a camp on the side of the hill where they mounted gaurd over tents ingeniously constructed of old bags.

Many of the little girls attended school. They were in the third and fourth reader, they said, and in spite of their bare feet and shabby dress, had an air and grace that was very winning. They played the games of their fatherland, and were much more under parental influence than the boys. They waited at the close of each meal for the fragments, sometimes exploring the garbage pail, and filling their tins from it. This refuse, they used, I was told, to feed milk cattle and pigs. These children had never heard of George Washington, and could not tell me the name of our President. Of their fatherland, its history and national heroes they appeared to know nothing. We saw very little of the striking miners at the camp. Occasionally they came about to sell small or-

naments made of coal or pyrites. They were decently dressed in black. Their demeanor was sullen, but they were always ready to talk about the strike, dwelling upon their grievance at being compelled to work at an extra hazardous employment for inadequate wages, and proclaiming their intention to remain out until their demands were satisfied. One or more of their pickets were always stationed on an eminence overlooking the road leading from our camp, and our movements were said to be constantly observed and reported at their headquarters. In general, the Polish, Lithuanian and Russian miners were credited with all the violence and disorder. They were said to be constantly drilling with arms in the town, and secretly banded to resist the troops and deputies. In point of fact, the most turbulent element, at Mahanoy City, at least, were half-grown Irish-Americans.

The social life of the foreign element in Shenandoah centres in their churches. Of these the Roman Catholics have six: Irish,

German, Lithuanian, Slavonian, and two Polish. In addition the so-called Huns have a Greek church, the first in the United States, built in 1884, the year after the fire. I attended at this church one Saturday afternoon. It was a religious holiday, the regular service being held on Sunday. The building, a frame structure on West Centre street, is surmounted with a balloon-shaped spire. It has a seating capacity of about 500 on the main floor, with a gallery in the rear. Along the entire north end runs a painted and gilded wooden screen, ornamented in panels with religious pictures. This screen has two gilded folding doors in the centre, with single doors midway on either side. Numerous tall candelabras stand ranged along the screen which is further adorned with bunches of artificial flowers. Attached to the pews on either side are religious banners, two of blue silk, and two of red. Everywhere the Slavonian cross, with its inclined lower bar, was conspicuous. The bell was ringing as I approached, and the

congregation, chiefly men, were filing into the church. They knelt and kissed a picture on the wall at the turn of the stairway, and prostrated themselves at full length towards the altar with their heads touching the floor. Some few advanced and kissed a painted placque upon a low table without the screen.

The service began at three o'clock. The choir, two men and four boys, were seated on the right. The men chanted in two voices, the boys taking up the refrain. There was no instrumental music. At times the congregation would join in the chant, reading the service from books printed in Russian characters. The priest, robed with a stole, sat in a little chapel on the left of the altar. Later he rose, and reappeared in his beautifully embroidered chasuble, carrying a censer. Then, opening the lattice doors in the centre of the screen, he disclosed the altar covered with brass work and guilding. The voices of the choir seemed to rise higher, and the lights burn more brilliantly. Four times the con-

gregation prostrated themselves, while the priest swung the censer and joined with the choir in the supplication. The service was over in half an hour. I was impressed with the intensely earnest, reverent spirit of the congregation, and I observed, too, that the men all had round, brachycephlic heads, and were of less than average stature. Two of the women, dressed in black, wore large black calico bonnets such as are frequently seen in the streets of the town. Although I was in uniform, with belt and revolver, a military regulation, no attention whatever was paid to me in the church, and without, my inquiries were answered with much courtesy.

On the day following, I was detailed as orderly at headquarters. This duty was performed in turn by each private in the Troop, and offered a welcome break in the monotony of camp life. Carefully dressed, with brasses polished and horse well groomed, the orderly rode down to report at eight o'clock. His goings and comings were

watched with interest by the men, who, proud of the reputation of the Troop would scrutinize his equipment with friendly suggestions and assistance. My mare had been out but once before alone, and was reluctant to leave the camp. Once past the turn of the road, however, she hurried down the hill, and trotted briskly over the brick pavement of Centre street. It was Sunday, and a well-dressed, orderly crowd were returning from church. The brigade standard, with a blue keystone on a white field, hung limp on a staff from a window of the Ferguson House. I reported at the office, a parlor on the second floor of the hotel, and was directed by the Sergeant Major to wait below for orders. The duties of the orderly were almost perfunctory. Communication with the camp was maintained by telephone, as well as by a signal corps stationed on the roof of the hotel, and on a tall scaffold on the hill, flags being used by day, and torches by night. The orderly carried the morning reports and the mail. Otherwise he was usually free to

sit in the hotel office, smoke, read or talk with the crowd. I was interested in their conversations. The traveling salesmen, who in ordinary time monopolize the public room, had disappeared. Everyone had some connection or other with the mines. The strike was the only topic. There was a noticeable absence of the badinage, the oaths and laughter of the ordinary crowd. I realized for the first time I was living in the very centre of the coal mining industry of the world,—over the greatest vein of coal that had yet been discovered in the universe. The new breaker at the Packer No. 4 colliery cost a million and a half dollars, and when working, its daily output is over 1,000 cars.

I realized, too, the ever-present dangers of the miner's life. No insurance company will accept him. At any moment a fragment of coal, falling from the roof, may crush out his life. Every day at ten o'clock, one or more processions pass the hotel, carrying some mine victim to his last home on the hillside. "When I enter the mine I forget

to swear," said one. The foreign miners, I was told, believe that oaths in the mine invite disaster. Every miner has his "budie," a helper who works with him, and whose sad duty it is to tell his family the fate of their protector, should disaster befall him.

The industry seems to have put its stamp upon dress, language and demeanor. I was impressed with the high standard of intelligence among the mine workers, whatever their nationality. Much of the talk about ignorant and degraded foreign labor is the outcome of vulgar prejudice, due largely to differences of language and race antipathies. On one subject alone the miners seemed incapable of reasoning or talking dispassionately. Devout as a class, faithful in their trusts, profusely generous to their neighbors, and humane to those in distress, they regard violence to a "scab" as a conscientious duty. They would kill him as a rat is killed, welcoming the spectacle with the same joyous rage that fills the throng at a bull fight, and afterwards commend the act

as something that needed neither excuse nor palliation. There are many to whom such actions must be abhorrent, but their voices were not heard aloud in Shenandoah.

On one night at twelve o'clock, as I was sleeping in our tent, preparatory to going on guard, I was awakened by a terrific explosion that shook the camp. No explanation was forthcoming until I learned in casual conversation at the hotel that the home of a scab miner in Gilberton, two miles distant, had been dynamited. This was intended merely as an admonition, it was said, with no personal harm, as dynamite explodes downward, without violence above. Alas! the wretched woman who brought her babe, sadly burned, to the General's headquarters, told a different story.

During the morning a procession passed, some ninety men, marching two by two, carrying an American flag. They wore sashes of red, white and green, ornamented with crosses and religious emblems. Six, without sashes, with white gloves brought up the

rear. It was the St. Michael Society of the old Polish church on its way to a funeral. A number of similar societies are attached to the Catholic churches in Shenandoah. They attend communion in a body once a year, levy a monthly contribution of fifty cents, pay the funeral expenses of their members and assist in supporting their families for a year after death.

From a young Irish-American teacher in the public school, whom I met at the Ferguson House, I learned many particulars concerning the foreign children. The Polish boys are brighter and more intelligent than those of American parentage. Nor is this the transitory cleverness of extreme youth. They continue to progress in their studies and give promise of becoming valuable citizens, like many of their parents before them. The Lithuanian children are equally intelligent, and not to be distinguished in the school from the Poles except by their names. Both are characterized by light hair and blue eyes, and mani-

fest the same intense desire for education. The teacher thought their superiority in their studies was due to their diligence. The valedictorian in successive years had been Irish, but this race, as a rule, are careless. The Jewish children are the brightest scholars. The churches maintain parochial schools, but with the exception of the German, the Catholic children freely attend the public schools.* The public library in Shen-

*The following table kindly sent the writer by Mr. T. R. Edwards, of Shenandoah, gives the nativity of the parents of the public school children in that city:

	Both Parents Native Born	One Parent Native Born	Both Parents Foreign	
High School	45	29	29	
2nd Grammar Grade	101	51	35	
1st Grammar Grade	159	35	131	
4th Primary Grade	162	22	219	
3rd Primary Grade	202	37	316	
2nd Primary Grade	222	23	381	
1st Primary Grade	311	31	551	
Mixed Grade	26	00	78	
	1228	228	1740	3196

andoah is largely patronized by the miners, and books on mining, engineering and the physical sciences are in great demand. Many of the Poles carried on trades at home, and some are skilful wood-workers. The little hand wagons with which they haul coal from the mine breaker attest their ingenuity. A Polish newspaper is printed at Mahanoy City.

In general, when not on strike, the foreign miners are extremely law-abiding, chaste, sober and industrious. There is little or no drunkenness seen in the streets, and drinking to excess is chiefly confined to weddings. Marriages occur late in life, usually for males at an average age of thirty years. Large families are the rule. The climate of Shenandoah is extremely healthy, and zymotic diseases are uncommon. The people of the different nationalities keep largely to themselves. In the shops I was told that certain styles and patterns in dress are regarded as distinctively Polish or Lithuanian, and would not be purchased or worn, one by

the other. The so-called Huns, Russian Slavs, late-comers in the region, a timid and inoffensive race, are rather looked down upon by the others. "They do not worship God," the Polish children told me. The Poles are all Catholics, with the exception of about a dozen members of an old-world Protestant sect, who have united with the Lutherans. In addition to the churches mentioned, there are ten Protestant churches.* in Shenandoah and a Jewish synagogue. Some years ago, the schoolmaster told me, a certain Lithuanian doctor of medicine named Szlupas taught anarchism, and obtained a small following, but at present little or nothing is heard of his propaganda.

At nine o'clock the Sergeant Major dismissed me. My only duties had been to pro-

*Episcopal, Methodist Episcopal, Primitive Methodist, German Reformed, Evangelical, Lutheran, Baptist, 2 (First Baptist and Calvary Baptist, a branch of the First), Presbyterian, Welsh, Presbyterian and Welsh Congregationalist. The Welsh churches are now English.

cure a railway guide at the station, and carry the formal reports to and from the camp. I had been favored with a cordial "Good morning" from the General when I saluted him in the hallway, and the staff officers to whom I reported were extremely considerate. The brigade office, severely plain, with its tables spread with maps, suggested nothing less than a military campaign.

As time progressed, our daily drills and marches became faster and more prolonged. They culminated in a practice march to Pottsville, some twelve miles distant. We went by a circuitous route, covering one way about twenty-three miles. It was a fatiguing journey. We rode in heavy marching order, and dismounted at every hill to save our horses, walking both up and down. A wagon, carrying forage and provisions, lumbered after us. We had dinner at Wadesville, where we picketed our horses, and reached our destination at about five o'clock. We put up our horses in a stable and spent the night in the bare, empty drill hall of one

of the local military companies. At eight the next morning we started homeward, breaking the ride again with a midday luncheon in a road by a wood where we set up the picket line under the trees and ate our meal in the shade upon the grassy banks. We galloped briskly for the last few miles, glad to get back to camp, most of us sore and aching from the unaccustomed effort. All this was only preparatory to the actual service that awaited us. The papers brought news daily of the progress of the strike and increased violence on the part of the miners. We were required to wear side arms, with ammunition, when we left the camp, and always rode with flankers out, with loaded carbines advanced, when we passed through the mining towns. Rumors of impending trouble were constantly heard in our camp. As a consequence we were not surprised when we were awakened one morning at four-thirty to breakfast and saddle up and report at headquarters at six o'clock..

Punctual to the minute we were joined by

an officer of the staff and rode by the way of St. Nicholas for a dash through Mahanoy valley. Our destination was Mahanoy City. A colliery was to be started up, it was said, and we were to protect the laborers on their way to the mines.

We arrived at Mahanoy City at about seven o'clock. Steam was rising from all parts of the great North Mahanoy breaker, and an excited and turbulent crowd had assembled at the station, ready to oppose the entrance of two passenger cars that were being backed upon a side track. We rode between them and the mob who cried, "Scab! Scab!" and defiled in twos along the sunken road that skirts the Mahanoy City colliery. On our right, commanding the road, the hills rose to an elevation of 200 feet, and along this edge was a line of strikers' pickets. On our left were huge culm piles and breakers with their machinery, guarded by stern-faced deputies and police.

In a moment the spirits of every man in the troop rose with a sudden thrill. We

halted at the mine stables, and, after stationing outposts, dismounted to rest our horses and await further orders. The deputies told us they expected an attack that morning. After a few minutes we galloped up the road, and returning, charged in column of fours through the coal dust to the colliery. The trouble was over.

After a hasty breakfast in a freight car where a mess table had been improvised for the deputies we rode homeward to Shenandoah. That afternoon, three companies of the 8th regiment were sent on a march to the town, and again, at two o'clock that night, we were awakened for another hasty ride. The bugle was stilled, the commands given by word of mouth, and we walked our horses through the mining town of Yatesville.

At Mahanoy, despite the hour, there was the usual crowd at the station, and little groups had gathered at the street corners. "Something doing!" was whispered along the line. We emerged from the city proper

and filed up the hill, dismounting at last at some frame houses adjacent to a colliery. Here with some difficulty we found the residence of a Mr. O'Donnell, the object, apparently, of our early call. Mr. O'Donnell did not awaken very promptly, and what followed in the subsequent conversation between him and our commanding officers did not transpire. It was evident, however, that our business was over. As we rode back through the city, electric lights glittered in the saloons, and black figures moved steadily to and fro. We passed on without notice or recognition, emerged on the hill road, and after a hasty gallop through the near-by towns, were back in camp shortly before six o'clock.

For many days we lived in constant readiness for another "Hike to Mahanoy," and "what Mr. O'Donnell said" was long a theme for chaff at the mess table. All agreed in the hope that when he returned our call it would not be at the same early hour of the morning. Subsequently we learned that

O'Donnell was a mine boss, whose house had been threatened with dynamite.

To the disappointment of our Troop, the care of the town was left for a time to the 8th regiment. One day they marched over and back in two hours, returning home singing in exultant chorus: "Hail! hail the gang's all here," deservedly proud of their achievement.

We became at last quite fond of our sturdy neighbors at Columbia Park. They drilled with admirable precision, and their riot formation at dress parade in Shenandoah won the admiration of the Troop, and doubtless contributed not a little to the almost perfect tranquility of that city.

When they found they were not unwelcome, the privates and non-commissioned officers occasionally strolled through our camp. Three companies were composed almost entirely of miners, recruited from the neighboring towns.

In the interval of quiet that followed the episode at Mahanoy, a game of base ball

was played between the privates and non-commissioned officers, on a smoth expanse near Lannigan's "patch," where we sometimes drilled in the afternoons. Victory rested with the non-coms., the score being 8 to 7 at the end of the eighth inning. Such innocent amusements were encouraged by the Captain, who, with the board of officers, after a long period of rainy weather, arranged a troop race on the half mile track. Our sporting Corporal made a book, and excitement ran high when the First Lieutenant dropped a handkerchief, and four horses made an even start past the crowd of spectators, soldiers and towns-people, who had assembled on both sides of the road. The afternoon sky was dark and overcast, and the track slow and muddy. Despite the mud, the stones and the pitfalls, the four horses dashed off at full speed, with every prospect of a close race. But the troop training that held them together at the start proved the undoing of three of their number. One bolted into camp at the road to the stables,

and two made a break for the bunch of horses that had been withdrawn into the bushes within the circle. Again, in the second heat, but two horses came in, the troop "hero" a length in the lead. In the third, the horses kept together to the finish with a dark horse the winner. The fourth heat was the heat of the race. I laid my pile on my "bunkie's" Hornet, stimulating the betting until he sold even against the field. "Bunkie" wore his usual white cotton stable cap, and was calm and unruffled. The four got off in line, and kept neck and neck to the finish. As "White Cap" was pocketed, and crowded back, old Willis, the negro stable man almost cried with disappointment. At the last turn it was any man's race. Then the swirling mass dashed past. There was a stirring cheer. "White Cap" had tied with one of the youngest members of the troop. Four horses entered in the finals. "White Cap" and his competitor, and the winners of the second and third heats. There had been a slow race in the interval, and the horses

were chilled and stiffened with the cold. "White Cap" had the outside, fell behind at the start, then came up with the bunch and struggled gloriously at the finish, only to take second place, while the dark horse of the third heat was declared the winner.

During the earlier weeks of our stay at Shenandoah, the work of the camp and our daily drills proved fatiguing. No one cared to read. Letter writing required an effort, and all intellectual work seemed impossible. This period of mental exhaustion passed away after a time. I was able to devote my spare hours to writing and to making further observation of the interesting foreign community amid which we were living.

I called one morning upon the parish priest of the Lithuanian church. I found him superintending the restoration of the building, a pleasant-voiced mild-mannered man, who received me cordially and cheerfully replied to my inquiries. The Lithuanians in Shenandoah, he told me, came from both Russian and German (Prussian) Li-

thuania, between which the ancient dukedom is now divided. They are mostly the sons of small farmers who own their own land. They leave home to better their fortune,—some to escape the conscription. The men are in the great majority. They intermarry with the Poles and Germans. The average age of marriage for men is from 24 to 26 and for women from 16 to 18. Marriage is contracted without much special provision of forethought, by the men after accumulating forty or fifty, or in the case of more prudent, two or three hundred dollars. Many Lithuanian girls are employed in factories in Newark, New Jersey, where the men go to seek their wives.

Three different Lithuanian dialects are spoken. The greater number, two-thirds or four-fifths, read and write their own language. Lithuanian newspapers are published in Plymouth, Pennsylvania, and in Chicago and Brooklyn. There are few who are highly educated, but many understand German, Polish and Russian, instruction ir

the latter being compulsory in the Russian schools. As Roman Catholics, the Russian Lithuanians are more or less the object of religious persecution. The government confiscates their churches, and endeavors to enforce instruction in the Russian language in their seminaries. Their home customs vary, but are entirely abandoned here. They quickly conform to American ways. The children learn English and their transformation is more rapid than with the German and most other races. Among the elders, the national traditions survive. The national heroes of Lithuania are the Duke Keistut and his son Whitold; the national saint is St. George, his day being celebrated on the 23rd of April; the national color is red. The Lithuanians in Shenandoah have a secular patriotic association called the Algerdo Society, with about 100 members. In addition there are no less than fourteen beneficial societies connected with the church. They are named after Saints George, Joseph, Vincent, Stanislaus, Isadore, Ludovic, etc. The

members pay fifty cents per month and boys of ten years are eligible. Father Abromaitis talked freely of Dr. Jan Szlupas, of whose teachings I had heard. He described him as a man of very high attainments, speaking Russian, Polish and Lithuanian. He had led a large number away from the church, but it might be said on his behalf that his views were largely the outcome of political conditions which exist in Russia.

Within the church a Lithuanian artist who had come to America for the purpose, was engaged in frescoing the ceiling. The interior decorations were in excellent taste. Upon the walls were bas-reliefs of painted terra cotta from Munich, representing the stations of the cross, and the stained glass windows at the back of the altar were adorned with figures of saints.

Father Abromaitis further explained to me that the so-called Huns are all Russians, there being but one Magyar in Shenandoah. They emigrate from South or Little Russia. The greater part belong to the Greek church,

but a portion are Roman Catholics and attend the so-called Slavonian church. From another source I learned that many of the Lithuanian miners purchase small farms in the vicinity of Shenandoah, and are gradually turning their attention to this industry.

Later, on the same day I visited Father Lenarkwioz, the priest of St. Casmir, the Old Polish church. The Poles, he told me, come from German, Austrian and Russian Poland, chiefly the latter country. They have nine beneficial societies, named from saints, in his church, and two, the Guardians of Warsaw and the Thaddeus Kosciusko Society in St. Stanislaus, the new church. They retain more or less of their old patriotic spirit and celebrate their two national holidays, the 29th of June, and the 22d of November. The Slavonian priest lives at Mahanoy City, and says mass in a chapel in Shenandoah. On another occasion I met the Rev. Cornelius Laurisin, the rector of the Greek Catholic church of St. Michaels. He received me at his residence, where he lives,

with his wife, back of the church. He explained to me that they belonged to the United Greeks or Unia, in communion with the see of Rome, and had churches in this country at Wilkes-Barre, Pittsburg, New York, Chicago and Minneapolis. The United Greek Church became affiliated with Rome by the convention of 1648. It was agreed that they should retain the Greek rite and their own language, elect their own bishops, and that their clergy might be married, marrying before they take orders. His congregation were Russians, but all came from Austria and Austria Hungary. They were farmers at home, and emigrated in consequence of hard times. They spoke the Russian language and their books and newspapers, of which latter one was published at Olyphant, Pennsylvania, were printed in the Russian alphabet.

According to the best information I could obtain, sixty per cent. of the entire population of Shenandoah are of foreign birth. A few Italians, some fifty, have come in re-

cently during the construction of one of the large breakers, and live on the edge of the lower part of the town. They attend the Irish Catholic church. There are about seventy Jewish families, comprising between 350 and 400 souls. They are all, with one exception, from Russia, and are of the orthodox faith. They are engaged in shopkeeping and none of them work in the mines. Upon their advent, they undertook mine work, but two were killed in an accident, and the occupation was abandoned. They are almost uniformly successful in making money, acquire a large share of the earnings of the foreign miners, and employ the same methods of giving credit and taking chattel mortgages they practice in Russia and among the negroes in our Southern States.

Among the privileges which the troopers enjoyed was that of an occasional visit home on pass or furlough. We left and returned to camp in full uniform, with cartridge belt filled, and revolver loaded, and, when absent on pass, were expected to wear our uniform

during the entire period. I availed myself of an opportunity for such a visit, during which I had occasion to traverse a neighboring State. The recent wars have accustomed people to seeing soldiers, and I found that I escaped notice and criticism. The sensations, however, were novel and interesting. I was free to enter parlor cars and hotels, although in both there was just the slightest demur. One's personality seems completely lost in the private's uniform. The air of the city seemed close and heavy and I was glad to return to camp. There was a crowd around the mess fire, and the boisterous good-nature that never flagged, day or night, seemed even intensified. The Troop had been called out to assist the sheriff in the arrest of some men who were illegally mining coal in the breeches along the road on the hillside north of the camp. It was their lights we had seen, night after night. Thousands of tons had been taken. The Troop had driven back the crowd that quickly assembled toward the town. Afterwards, fol-

lowed by a hooting mob, they escorted the prisoners to the railroad station. A company of the 12th infantry relieved them at the station, drove the crowd back, and afterwards sent a squad with two prisoners to Pottsville, three of the prisoners having been released on bail in Shenandoah. The Troop had loaded carbines (revolvers being always carried loaded) but there was no actual violence. One man who called "scab" was chased by a dismounted squad into a saloon where he escaped. Another was promptly arrested on his doorstep. The infantry arrested two men in the crowd. I never heard the hooting, but the imitation which the school children gave of it as we passed in the streets left an impression to be remembered. This was the only general expression of disapproval we encountered. The fighting word is "scab," which is also expressed in gesture, by scratching the cheeks with the fingers of each hand.

A long period of inaction, due to continued rainy weather followed this episode. We

awoke one morning to find a violent storm raging. The camp streets were overflowing, the canvas wet through and flying loose in the wind. The camp police, reinforced by every available man, clad in rubber boots and ponchos, were engaged all day in digging ditches, driving pegs and adjusting tent ropes.

The rain lasted, almost without intermission for two weeks, during which we fretted in our tents. The strikers, too, were inactive, and it seemed as though our presence had become unnecessary. Then a clear, dry day came, and with it a hurry call to Mahanoy. We galloped over hastily, and rode in beside the track at the railroad station. Then a coal train, with an armed Coal and Iron policeman on each car as its crew, steamed rapidly by on its way to the main line.

We had halted between the cars and an unorganized mob of boys and men, who, when the train had passed, followed in along the track, and assembled on a bridge over the

road. From this vantage place, fancying themselves out of reach of cavalry, they cried "Scab! Scab!" We were instantly halted, and a platoon of nine men dismounted. Our First Lieutenant gave the command: "With ball cartridges, Load!" and sabre in hand, marched at the head of the men up the bank to the bridge. The crowd instantly dispersed. The platoon descended, remounted, and we defiled under the bridge and back to the city. As we passed a street corner, another cry of "Scab!" was heard. Again we were halted, a squad dismounted, and one of the men who had cried was followed into a saloon. The entire Troop wheeled and sat at attention, until, after a lapse of some minutes, one of our sergeants returned with the prisoner. He was small, clean-shaven, round-headed, and bellowed piteously. The large crowd had by this time assembled around us, but they made no serious demonstration. We wheeled again, and with the prisoner at the head of the column, rode at a walk through the streets towards Shenan-

doah. The prisoner continued to wail and shout and some of his companions hurried after him. At some distance I could see the street behind us filled with people. The prisoner was now secured by halter straps attached to his arms, and led by two non-commissioned officers. Still at a walk, we continued to St. Nicholas, where, the column halting, the fellow got on his knees in the road, and holding up his index and middle fingers, made loud protestations of penitence. Here we released him. As he departed, he resumed his command of English, and cried, "Good bye, gentlemen! Thank you, gentlemen!" to the men along the line.

In that evening's issue of the Mahanoy City *Daily American,* we read an account of our ride. It was headed in large type:

"A Mob of Aristocratic Anarchists," and described us as "Gobin's drunken or crazy mob of mounted curs." It told how we came through Main street "with guns pointed and bayonets ready to impale child or woman;" how we "made a murderous at-

tempt to ride our horses over children and women," and declared "the crowd of peaceful citizens justified in driving bullet holes through the city loons." From it we learned our prisoner's name was Michael Sabbo, and that we carried him to our "moral pest house" at Shenandoah. This was afterwards qualified by the statement that we released him after making him kneel and swear to desert the union and work in the collieries.

The Shenandoah *Evening Herald* said we "forced our way through the crowd on the run, and several women and children were knocked down by the horses." I quote these accounts as extreme though characteristic illustrations of the news that emanated from prejudiced sources.

That night at one-thirty-five there came another hurry call, and sixteen men, the first ready (we got out in ten minutes) rode to the William Penn Colliery where trouble was feared. There was a short conference with the mine superintendent and the pla-

toon was dismounted and marched to the mine. Beyond a glimpse of a heavy train, with three engines slowly moving along the hillside above, we had no further intimation of the object of our ride, and we were home asleep in our tents inside of two hours.

This was our last active employment at Shenandoah. The weather continued stormy, so that our rides were curtailed. On clear afternoons we drilled at Lannigan's "patch," our customary evolutions being replaced by tactical drills in which a platoon would advance and fire under the support of a reserve, which would charge to cover their retirement.

The relations between our Troop and the towns-people, never intimate, appeared to have become somewhat strained. Rumors concerning the settlement of the strike, of increasing work in the mines, of additional troops being called out, and of our removal from Shenandoah with the brigade headquarters, arose from hour to hour until all were discredited. At the same time there

were many changes among our neighbors upon the hill. We saw the 12th regiment march away, followed in turn by the companies of the 4th and all but two of the 8th. Their orders to move were always accompanied by cheering, everyone glad at the prospect of departure. As for ourselves, we had either to remove or make a new camp, our camp-site having been occupied beyond the 60 days' limit permitted by regulations. There had been twelve cases of typhoid fever, some fatal, in the 12th, and even the 8th had not escaped. We had been free from it and all other serious illness, but the sanitary conditions were such as to provoke anxiety.

While we were awaiting orders the 12th regiment returned and made a new camp on the hill adjoining the race track. This movement was soon after followed by the Governor's proclamation calling out the entire Guard. It was just previous to this that four of our men were sent to guard a prisoner in the town.

One of the several startling explosions that had awakened us at night, the dynamiting of non-union miners' homes in Shenandoah, had been followed by an arrest. I saw the captive afterwards in the guard house of the 12th regiment on the hill. A crowd of his countrymen without the camp, were watching the tent. Within, a group of soldiers lounged about the fire, while the prisoner, confined with another charged with the same offence, sat in a smaller tent under constant surveillance. One was a Pole, the other a Lithuanian. They were silent and stolid and apparently unconcerned.

The 12th were scarcely settled before orders came for them to move again, and the 18th regiment from Pittsburg marched up the hill and occupied the vacant camp-sites. With the prospect of an early departure from Shenandoah, I availed myself of an opportunity to visit the town and learn more of its inhabitants. It appeared to me I had never seen a community having greater moral and intellectual needs, or one in which

such needs were less fully satisfied. Shenandoah has a population of 23,000, with some 8,000 or 10,000 dependent people in the neighboring "patches" and villages. Unlike most towns of its size, it has no leisure class nor fine residences.

Its population is almost entirely composed of miners and the shopkeepers and others who are dependent upon them for a livelihood. Sturdy and industrious, they are easily led, and amenable to every influence that is brought to bear upon them. In common with the State at large the town has an admirable public school system, but its direct influence ends with the withdrawal of the children at an early age to work in the mine or at domestic employment. As I have previously stated, the churches are the centres of social life, and have exercised a beneficent and salutory restraint. This, however, is diminishing. Learning a new language, departing from old customs, there is a constant tendency to break away from established traditions, and think and act

independently. The socialistic propaganda finds a generous soil. Resistance to the law for the sake of religious or civil freedom is transformed into resistance for the sake of personal gain and individual profit. The local newspapers, following bad precedents, nurse a spirit of discontent, and are ever flaunting the wrongs of labor and the oppression of capital. There is practically no such thing as freedom of speech or action in regard to questions affecting industrial relations and interests. The law itself is neither respected nor feared. A state of anarchy exists, compared with which the brigandage of our southwestern border is pure chivalry. Things are steadily growing worse, and the future of this region is dark indeed.

Yet these conditions have arisen among a people who, naturally, are neither idle, degraded nor vicious. To modify or do away with them would justify the most liberal outlay of money, the most generous expenditure of intelligent effort. Mere

schools would count for little. A higher public spirit must be created or awakened.

Some years since, with the idea of helping the community at large, an unsuccessful attempt was made to bring about a concert of action between the Protestant churches in Shenandoah. It was the opinion of an intelligent citizen, himself a lay preacher, that any movement for improvement should be absolutely unsectarian. A mechanics' institute, with branches in the neighboring towns might greatly aid in the regeneration of this sadly neglected region. Such an institute should aim to reach, not the comparatively well-to-do English-speaking residents, but the growing youth of the foreign population. The details of its management might be left largely in their hands.

In making this recommendation, I am not insensible to the fact that the underlying cause of the troubles in the anthracite coal regions is an economic one, arising from a surplusage of labor, and in the conflict between the well-paid long-established Eng-

lish-speaking miner, and the lower-priced foreigner who is now supplanting him. The former, in his effort to maintain wages, has organized the force that opposed him, and combines with it in a struggle in which law has been disregarded, and the right of necessity, the right of might, replaced every consideration of honesty and justice. I am aware, too, that education is no panacea for social ills, and of the probability that even with the moral regeneration of Shenandoah, a similar agitation might be attended with the same unlawful combinations and violence. This opinion is confirmed by the attitude of many educated people throughout the land, who, in their sympathy with the miners would gloss over and ignore the armed conspiracy by means of which the strike was made effective.

At the same time I am constrained to assert that if justification can be found for missionary effort anywhere within the four quarters of our earth, it is here in our State

The Troop's Camp in the Valley of Wyoming

of Pennsylvania, within three hours' ride of this, the third city on our continent.

On the morning of our 44th day in camp word came that we were to move that night to Wilkes-Barre. We saddled early and rode in the bright sunlight for what was to be our farewell ride across the valley. Our hearts were light as we galloped along the hillside. The foliage was all crimson and gold. We broke camp at nightfall. Heavy wagons carted away our bags and canvas. The camp was no more. As I stood on the bare field, the Troop mounting and lining up to ride for the last time down that now familiar road, there came a single pang of regret; regret for the happy days with all their boisterous humor and fantastic gaiety—and never a thought recurred of the toil and hardship. The darkness of the road seemed more intense. It was deserted now, and beyond, through the broad lighted street, we passed without a sign of recognition or farewell.

There was a tedious wait at the railroad

while the horses were loaded. They are shipped with their saddles and halters, lightly packed, heads and tails alternating, so that they cannot move. The Troop, officers and men, occupied a single pasenger car where they dozed fitfully, some wedged in their seats, others stretched at full length on the floor. The train proceeded slowly, backed, stopped on sidings. Looking out into the darkness, I thought of the threats of violence we had heard from Mahanoy, and speculated as to the possibility of their execution. We arrived at Wilkes-Barre at six o'clock, and awakening in the clear morning air, the reveries of the night seemed idle fancies. Only some days afterwards I learned how at the time of our departure, a cattle train, "mistaken for a coal train," had been blown up with dynamite on the Lehigh cut-off at Yatesville, where we had ridden often in our "Hikes to Mahanoy." After breakfast at the Wilkes-Barre station, we mounted, and trotted briskly through the well-paved streets of that beautiful city to

our new camp. On our way, we passed again beneath the standard of the Third Brigade. The headquarters of the brigade had been moved from Shenandoah to Wilkes-Barre. The General, true to his repeated promise, had requested that the Second Troop be transferred with his brigade, so that we were to continue to serve under the officer to whom we had all become deeply attached. Our new camp, like the last, was in a race track, on the low land beyond the bridge, west of the city, where the 9th regiment had already erected their tents. The site was covered with a tall growth of weeds, and the ground wet and muddy. It is flooded in the spring, last year to the depth of from six to twelve feet. The atmosphere was heavy and rain seemed imminent.

Notwithstanding both the weather and the night's fatigue, the men went cheerfully to work and before darkness came on again had their tents up, their oil stoves lighted, and the camp routine proceeding apace. The next day brought a heavy rain, but mean-

while all had been made secure, and with tight board floors in our tents, we defied the elements. At Shenandoah we had longed for a change, but now there were few who did not look back to our hill top with regret. On our first morning we were awakened at four-thirty, not for a "Hike to Mahanoy," but to ride in squads under the command of infantry officers to patrol the adjacent country. Here again, the contrast was equally marked. The roads were broad, level and well kept; the houses, with few exceptions, painted and attractive, with curtains at the windows and every appearance of comfort. Even the collieries, surrounded by the high red-washed fences surmounted with barbed wire, looked neat and trim. Nor was the broad expanse of the valley so defiled with culm banks as at Shenandoah and Mahanoy.

On our return to camp we found the streets filled with a well-dressed, prying crowd, who scrutinized us with many loudly expressed comments and criticisms. At five

o'clock there was evening parade. The 9th regiment, with Battery C from Phœnixville, and the Troop, were aligned in a large field adjoining the camp. There were the same curious spectators who had viséd us in our tents.

The formalities of camp life were observed more rigidly than at Shenandoah. The officer of the day wore the red sash now obsolete in the regular service. At night there was a countersign, and our little company of privates, at no time exceeding thirty-three in number, were drawn upon for twelve camp guards. In addition to the regular guard there was a provost guard at the bridge leading into the city. The passes issued by our Captain required the signature of the brigade officer, were punched with a date and had a blank space for the bearer's signature.

At Shenandoah we had been, literally speaking, in the enemy's country. Here these elaborate military precautions were taken to protect the troops from their friends. In

consonance with the policy pursued generally throughout the strike, the 9th regiment, chiefly from Wilkes-Barre, had been stationed within a mile of their own town. As a further assistance to the camp guards an electric search light had been established on a scaffolding at the top of a high grand stand overlooking the camp. By means of it the men were continually watched on their posts. "Halt! Who is there?" "Corporal of the Guard!" The sentry and the challenged would stand in a little circle of light. Then the corporal would come running with his lantern, the three figures would speak their parts like actors on a stage, and the light would sweep aside, to follow some distant sentinel, or bound as if in play, from zenith to horizon. The supply wire for this light was cut on two occasions, by strikers, it was asserted, although a different opinion prevailed in the regiment. In addition to this fixed light, a portable acetylene search light was used by troops on the march, and was said to have proved a most efficient instru-

ment in dispersing mobs at night. For some days after our arrival we found ourselves under the direct command of the Colonel of the 9th regiment. Upon the return of the General our autonomy was restored, and we were sent out with our own officers to guard trains and ride through the neighboring towns. But the country was quiet and our services little required. Once we escorted two guns from the battery to other camps, and now and again we would take long morning rides, past Plymouth and Nanticoke, always returning in time for evening parade. These trips were almost entirely without incident. There were no crowds, and we passed almost without notice. Only in Pittston once, as we were riding in fours, a man hissed the Troop from the vantage place of a saloon doorway. Repentance followed quickly. The column was halted, and the fellow seized by a non-commissioned officer who rode up on the pavement before his surprised companions had realized what had happened. Whatever may be the legality of

such procedure, and I understand it has been questioned, it saved us from the insults to which the State troops have been almost invariably subjected when on strike duty. The opposite course is more likely to foster and create disorder than to control it.

On another occasion a gray-haired Irish woman cried after us: "God bless ye, and may ye die of the hunger." But save the idle mines there was no indication of the strike, and no disorder of any kind.

On one of our morning rides, conducted by the Colonel of the 9th regiment, we visited some of the historic sites in the valley, the Wyoming monument, the old Forty Fort Church, and the rock upon which tradition says Queen Esther killed her captives. My most interesting experience was an assignment with a detail of two other troopers on the commissary train on its weekly tour of the camps of the Third Brigade. It was our duty to unload the hundred or more bags of potatoes, the rice, sugar, coffee, bacon, cheese, and all the other provisions required

for the week's supply. These appeared to be of excellent quality, and admirably suited both to the tastes and requirements of the men in the field. Their selection had been determined by experience rather than by scientific study as in the armies of Continental Europe. The absence of tea is notable, but the Major in charge informed me that the soldiers did not care for it, always much preferring coffee. The substitution of some other cereal for oatmeal at breakfast would seem desirable, but the soldiers prefer oatmeal. The most important change, in my opinion, would be the reduction of the meat ration with a corresponding increase in fresh vegetables. The cooking is done by two men in each company, enlisted as cooks. The State pay, $1.50 per day, is insufficient to procure competent cooks for a long period such as the present service and the emergency was met by a voluntary contribution on the part of the men. The cost of our troop ration to the State was 20 71-100 cents per day.

In connection with the commissary a word might be said about our equipments. In general, like the food, they are good and practical and well suited to their purpose. The chief defect is in the canvas leggings which are neither serviceable, convenient, nor well appearing. The carbine sling we discarded soon after entering the field. Of our arms the quality of the sabre alone is subject to criticism. It is a poor, cheap affair of German manufacture, and, if retained at all, should be replaced by a better weapon. As to mounted troops in general, their utility for the kind of work in which we were engaged seems amply demonstrated.

Our train made the entire circuit of the brigade camps. At each stopping place, a detail took charge of the supplies. Most notable of all the sights from the car windows were the miners and their families, old and young, men, women and children, engaged in picking coal upon the culm banks. Bags, baskets and tin pans were used to carry the coal away. Some had contrived small

After a Damp Night

hand wagons, while others had teams waiting. They covered the culm piles which they despoiled without reference to any question of ownership. Only one individual operator succeeded in levying a charge of $1.00 per ton, and was accumulating a small fortune.

It may not be an exaggeration to say that the entire cost of the strike may be covered by the value which this once despised refuse now has for its owners. The culm piles belong to the owners of the land and are worked by the washeries on a royalty. On this morning excursion I learned another interesting fact concerning the striking miners: how they had invaded the neighboring farm country in search of work, even to Lancaster county, offering their services at half the current rate for such labor and thus violating, to the great hardship and disadvantage of laborers in another occupation, the very principle in defence of which their strike was carred on.

The foliage had now reached the maxi-

mum of its splendor. An autumnal haze overhung the valley, and nature appealed to us in one of her richest and most enticing garments. But all the while the nights grew colder, so that the guards built great fires, and the horses trembled under their blankets in the long draughty tent. Impatient in inaction, we looked forward to our recall. The order came at last, on the very day of John Mitchell's great parade. The Captain read it to us, as we lined up, shivering, at roll call in the mess tent after reveillé.

We gave a rousing cheer for the General and another for our Captain, but our joy was not unmixed with pain and disappointment, for with the order came an intimation that we would not be sent home, but re-attached to the First Brigade, and assigned new duties under a new commander.

Breaking camp that day was melancholy work. There had been a freshet; the water had risen until it covered the board floors of out tents and the ground was yet sodden and uncertain. From the distant hills black

clouds would fall and sweep in sudden snowy squalls over our camp. The canvas of the horse-fly whirled in the air. With the prospect of making another camp that night, we almost wished the elements would complete the destruction. But the customary good humor of the men asserted itself at last. The bags packed, the canvas lowered, the wagons laden, somewhere at about four in the afternoon we were mounted and off across the bridge and into the town on our way to the railroad. The bands of Mitchell's parade made no music for our ears. At the brigade headquarters we were halted in line, and the General and his staff descended to the pavement. As we presented sabres, the General removed his hat and addressed us a few cordial words of thanks and farewell. With this touching ceremony, our service of 64 days under General Gobin was ended. That night we proceeded to Audenreid, where, after sleeping in the cars we transferred our equipment to wooden barracks hastily erected by carpenters detailed

from the ranks of the 3rd regiment. There was no complaint, but our hearts were heavy. The prospect of returning home seemed indefinitely prolonged and this without any military necessity apparent to us. Finally, on the Saturday following we were released and at last, abandoned our "winter quarters," and arrived safely in Philadelphia on the 67th day of our service. Of the officers and men, not one had been seriously ill, nor suffered from accident. All, indeed, were greatly improved in health and vigor, and enriched, not only with military experience, but with generous friendships, and memories ever to be treasured of our camp on the hill top and our "Hikes to Mahanoy."

HEADQUARTERS THIRD BRIGADE,
NATIONAL GUARD OF PENNSYLVANIA,

WILKES-BARRE, PA., October 28, 1902.

SPECIAL ORDERS,
No. 156.

I. The Second Troop, Philadelphia City Cavalry, N. G. P., is hereby relieved from further service on this tour of duty in the anthracite coal field. The command will on October 29th return to its rendezvous, Philadelphia, Pa. Quartermaster's Department will furnish the necessary transportation.

II. The Brigadier General Commanding takes occasion to extend to this organization his thanks for the alacrity with which they responded to the call of duty, and for the readiness, military skill and personal sacrifice with which they have performed the numerous duties assigned to them during this tour. They have earned the commendation of all order-loving citizens, and are especially entitled to the thanks of the officers and men of this Brigade, with which they have for the first time been associated closely.

By command of Brigadier-General J. P. S. GOBIN,

WILLIAM P. CLARKE,
Major and Acting Assistant Adjutant General.

HEADQUARTERS OF THE DIVISION,
NATIONAL GUARD OF PENNSYLVANIA,
POTTSVILLE, PA., October 29, 1902.

GENERAL ORDERS, No. 17.

II. The Second Troop, P. C. C., First Brigade, N. G. P., Captain *Schermerhorn* commanding, is hereby relieved from command of Brigadier General *J. P. S. Gobin,* Commanding Third Brigade, N. G. P., and will proceed at once to Hazleton, Pa. The commanding officer will report for duty by telegraph, to Brigadier General *John W. Schall,* Commanding First Brigade, N. G. P., Tamaqua, Pa.

By Command of MAJOR GENERAL MILLER.

W. J. ELLIOTT,
Assistant Adjutant General.

HEADQUARTERS OF THE DIVISION,
NATIONAL GUARD OF PENNSYLVANIA,
POTTSVILLE, PA., November 1, 1902.

GENERAL ORDERS, No. 22.

II. The Second Troop, P. C. C., Captain *Schermerhorn* commanding, is hereby relieved from duty in the field and will return to its home rendezvous.

III. Transportation will be furnished by the Quartermaster's Department, First Brigade, N. G. P. Camp equipage and the extra issue of woolen blankets will be carefully packed and shipped to the State Arsenal, Harrisburg, Pa.

By Command of MAJOR GENERAL MILLER.

W. J. ELLIOTT,
Assistant Adjutant General.

ROSTER of SECOND TROOP
PHILADELPHIA CITY CAVALRY,

August 27th to November 1st, 1902.

Captain, FRANK EARLE SCHERMERHORN.
First Lieutenant, JOHN P. WOOD.
2nd Lieut., CLARENCE EATON SCHERMERHORN.
1st Lieut. and Asst. Surgeon, W. A. N. DORLAND.
2nd Lieut. and Quartermaster, RANDOLPH SAILER.
First Sergeant, CHARLES WELSH EDMUNDS.
Quartermaster-Sergeant, CHARLES WILLIAMS LLOYD.
Commissary-Sergeant, ROBERT RICHARD BLANK.
Sergeant, WALTER HERBERT ALCOCK.
Sergeant, THOMAS WOOD ANDREWS.
Sergeant, JOHN WILLIAM GOOD.
Sergeant, EDWARD HITZEROTH.
Sergeant, WILLIAM WALLACE ADAMS, JR.
Corporal, HARRY L. REINHOLD, JR.
Corporal, G. BERTRAM REGAR.
Corporal, HARRY LEON REEVES.
Corporal, PRESTON B. LEE.
Corporal, R. HARDING HUNTER.
Corporal, HARRY MORSE COFFIN.
Corporal, EDWARD RITER WALLS.
Corporal, DEWITT CLINTON ROBINSON.
Trumpeter, HARRY CRAMP COX.
Trumpeter, WILLIAM THOMAS MARSHBANK.
Sadler, MICHAEL J. NORTON.

PRIVATES.

ADAMS, C. WILLIS.
BAINS, ERSKINE.
CLARK, ROBERT PARRY.
COLVILLE, ARTHUR.
CULIN, STEWART.
DAVISON, BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.
ECKFELDT, FRANK C.
EHRENZELLER, CHARLES SHEPPARD.
FIELD, THOMAS Y., JR.
FRECK, JOSEPH OTTO.
FURLONG, THOMAS STANLEY.
GERSON, T. PERCEVAL.
GOLDBERG, HAROLD GOODMAN.
HAMILTON, HENRY T.
HARRIS, EDWARD M.
HART, REGINALD LAWRENCE, JR.
HOUGH, CARLOS EDWARD.
HOLLINGSWORTH, EARLE B.
KRAMER, FREDERICK LEIGHTON.
MAIR, WILLIAM E.
MERSHON, GEORGE B., JR.
ODIORNE, WALTER J.
REED, ALLAN M.
REGAR, HOWARD INSULL.
REYNOLDS, HARRY L.
STAHL, LOUIS C.
STEWART, GEORGE SHEPHERD.
STITZER, JAMES HERBERT, JR.

TRAINER, JOSEPH FRANCIS.
TREFRY, JOHN WALTER.
VANE, AUGUSTUS SAILER.
WADSWORTH, WILLIAM S.
WEAVER, SPENCER FULLERTON.
WESTBROOK, WILLIAM T., JR.
WILSON, IRVING L.
WISLER, EDWIN C.

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